

Discovery of emotion: omega team

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Category: Halo

Genre: Sci-Fi, Suspense

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2013-08-06 08:25:28

Updated: 2013-08-06 08:25:28

Packaged: 2016-04-27 04:25:02

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 613

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: The tale of an Omega team mission that goes wrong

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\*\*Prologue:\*\*

"What happens when they start to feel emotion?"

"We kill them sir..."

\*\*Spartan 143/ID number: 72645390/Bret:\*\*

"Bret, on your six!" I turned to spot an elite on the downward swing of an energy sword swipe, I step in towards the elite blocking its forearm and quickly deliver a punch that collapses the elite's chest cavity and I leave it there to suffer.

"Nice kill bro," Spartan 145, aka Tyler, exclaims. "There's no targets left, let's get out of here." What had begun as a simple recon mission turned ugly due to an incident with a grenade.

Tyler and I sprinted down the halls of the Covenant controlled factory complex, stopping only to check our corners. "Echo, this is spartan 145 requesting immediate evac at the factory loading docks."

"Copy that 145, we are en route to the loading docks." Echo 39 also known as Spartan 132, Dana, was the teams designated pilot. She's had over 10 years of pilot training and could spot a rat over 2 miles away through a peep hole. "ETA 10 minutes."

"Copy that Dana," Tyler replied. We rounded the final corridor before the dock, to see a squad of elites disappear before our eyes. Tyler opened fire while I equipped my galaxy famous famous shotgun and dove in. Keeping a keen eye I spotted the faint outline of an elite and

unleashed a shell into its chest. \_One down five to go... \_An elite appeared and swiped at me in a chopping motion ripping the shotgun in half. In a rage I sidestepped, rolled forward surprising the elite from behind and snapping its neck so that every bone within was shattered. \_"BRET!" \_Tyler shouted, I turned to see my teammate restrained by two elites with the third drawing its sword for a bloody kill, quick-drawing my magnum I quickly removed all three elites from existence, but an active plasma grenade hit the ground. I acted fast and dove towards Tyler and locking my armor over him.

As the grenade plasma cleared I unlocked my armor and both Tyler and I rose. The plasma had melted the top right half of Tyler's armor, the melted material was still dripping down his side. "That's a bad burn," I said glancing at Tyler's bare left chest and shoulder.

"Yeah, nothing I can't handle though," Tyler said inspecting the puddle of armor dripping through the grated floor and with a smirk he said, "I think I may need new armor though."

Dana arrived in a grade A type eleven Pelican equipped with enough hauling power to fly an Elephant a short distance and enough firepower to take on a covenant cruiser. Bret and Tyler entered the ship and removed their helmets. "What happened to you?" Dana said to Tyler with slight surprise as she took off.

"Plasma grenade."

"You lived?"

"Why would I not?"

Dana thought about the latest question, but dismissed the subject in the end. This was not a first in Tyler's near death experiences. He seemed to be accident prone, which is not a good trait to have as a spartan.

Dana's piloting made it easy to sleep and my dreams were calling me with the song of the sirens. As I drifted away in more than one way.

\*\*Note to the peoples:\*\*

This is NOT a chapter it is a very short story in a series. This is also the first thing I have ever written that was not for school, hope you guys enjoy and please leave lots of feedback! :) and as the creators of halo say, "See you on the virtual battlefield!"

End  
file.